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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH
NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.
EDITED
BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XI.

LONDON:
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CORIO LANUS.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. XI.

B

Printed by T. DAVISON,
Whitefriars.

R E M A R K S
ON
THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION
OF
CORIOLANUS.

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the speeches exactly copied from the life of Corio-lanus in *Plutarch*.

POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623.

Persons Represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS,
COMINIUS. } *Generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS,
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the people.*

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-
cians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve

us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes¹: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repe-

tition, [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander
 The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
 cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
 houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
 support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act estab-
 lished against the rich; and provide more piercing
 statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If
 the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the
 love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not
 think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't
 please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
 bers
 Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
 That only like a gulf it did remain
 I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous part
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what
then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark
me,—*

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No publick benefit which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
 You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest,
 poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
 The one side must have bail².—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mur. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
 rogues,
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
 flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud³. He that trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁴
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
 They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
 verbs;

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
 That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
 not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being an-
 swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their
 caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
 doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told
us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I'm in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and
he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.]

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and Mene.]
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods⁵.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius⁶.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Br.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf.

Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; These are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [reads.]

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready.
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly;
 To keep your great pretences yeil'd, till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in the
 hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
 To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
 Let us alone to guard Corioli:
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
 They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Rome. An apartment in Marcius' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was lik'd to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak⁷. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in

my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, that one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow:
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither,

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambricks were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little^o. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Voices enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my
fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter
MARCUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile? You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into
Corioli, and MARCUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.*

Nor I.

3 *Sol.*

See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart,

O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up¹⁰! Thou art left, Mar-
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.*

Look, sir:

Lart.

'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

CORIOLANUS.

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SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours¹¹

At a crack'd dram! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes! — To
him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
 My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
 Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
 Call thither all the officers of the town,
 Where they shall know our mind: away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we
 are come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The changes of our friends:—The Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own;
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Voices
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar.

Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar.

O! let me clip you

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com.

Flower of warriors,

How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com.

Where is that slave,

Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Let him alone,

He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com.

But how prevail'd you?

Mat. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com.

Marcus,

We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side.

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus*,
Their bands i' the vaward are the *Antiates*,
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*:
And that you not delay the present¹²; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour,

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action,

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,

Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volces? None of you, but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd¹³.

Com.

March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
 For a short holding: If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
 thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
 More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
 Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
 And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
 Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
 Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

That was the whip of your bragg'd¹⁴ progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Voices come
to the aid of Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at
one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other
side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other
Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

SHAKESPEARE



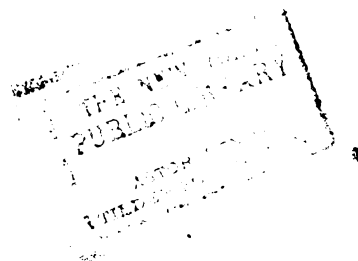
CORIOLANUS.

*Auf. Officers! not valiant, you have should me
In your condemned streets*
Act I. Sc. 5.

Drawn by Loutherbourg R.A.

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Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison¹⁵:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,

We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus!
Marcus! cast up their caps and lances:
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him¹⁶ be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—Bear
 The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate¹⁷,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
 He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS
bloody, with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volce¹⁸, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.*

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard¹⁹, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city;

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.*

Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

("Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.*

I shall, sir: [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. A publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir.

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two

such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my mycrocosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson²⁰ conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. ²¹You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.
[*Brutus and Sicinius retire.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night :—
A letter for me ?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much :—Brings a victory in his pocket ?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous ? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know²².

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout; and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail^{as}!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome
home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
 We have some old crab-trees heré at home, that will not
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
 We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
 The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[To his wife and mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy: only there
 Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

*[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as
 before. The Tribunes come forward.]*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prating nurse
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, win-
 dows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens⁹⁴
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those that he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
 stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
 Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru.

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic.

'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic.

I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru.

'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru.

So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic.

This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Eseunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How
many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted²⁵, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people, than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
 I would you rather had been silent: Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
 But yet my caution was more pertinent,
 Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people:
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
 Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
 My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
 people,
 I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
 sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. ²⁶Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-
nius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin²⁷ he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene²⁸,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 *The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the ho-
 nours

Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards

His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;

Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then Exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* ³⁰We have power in ourselves to do it, but it
is a power that we have no power to do: for if he

show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself struck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices?
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I
say, if he would incline to the people, there was
never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark
his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but
to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos,
and by threes. He's to make his requests by parti-
culars; wherein every one of us has a single honour,
in giving him our own voices with our own tongues:
therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall
go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men.

O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor.

Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So; here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the con-
sulship?

1 Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show
you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,
sir;

What say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown³¹ should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriol. and Menen.*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
 'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
 His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
 man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
 He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
 He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock
 us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
 He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
 His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[Several speak.]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
 show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: ³²*aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?*

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves; and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
 friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
 And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,

Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru.

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. *Say, we read lectures to*
you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than 'stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
them;

For they do prank them in authority³³,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must enquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd. — Set on. — This
palt'ring³⁴

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again; —

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion³⁵, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them,

Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows³⁶? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the cannon.

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters³⁷, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes³⁸,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by t'other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
 power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give

One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know, the
 corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native³⁹
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wis-
 dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
 you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish

“To jump a body with a dangerous physick
That’s sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o’erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what’s not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i’ the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We’ll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit.

True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit.

You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic.

Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru.

Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men.

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru.

Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people, are beat in.]*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be nought else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though caly'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men.

Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another⁴¹.

Cor.

On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men.

I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag⁴² return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men.

Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com.

Nay, come away.

[*Excunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

[*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.*

I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru.

He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic.

Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men.

Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic.

This is clean kam^{as}.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:—

Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[To Volumnia.]

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
 are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
 The thwartings of your dispositions, if
 You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
 thing too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace

With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin⁴⁴.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis
 fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
 Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. ⁴⁵Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?

Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired ⁴⁶ with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
⁴⁷Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou⁴⁸. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
 But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor.

Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.*Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
 yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men.

Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sen-
ators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: than if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair! ⁴⁹Have the power still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
 hoo!

[The people shout, and throw up their caps.]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
 come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—
the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: ^{so} fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd

Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol.

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one

That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
 Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
 further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
 In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done,
 Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'
the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To Brutus.*]

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to Sicin.*] I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship⁵¹
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this;

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue⁵².
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the

Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment⁵³, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! *[Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go.

And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honestest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! *[Beats him away.]*

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, *[unmuffling.]*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf.

What is thy name?

[Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame⁵⁴ seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.

You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
 ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,——'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand^{ss}, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he

was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle⁵⁶ the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poli'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Publick Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better,
if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co-
riolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance⁹⁷.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
 Before you punish him, where he heard this;
 Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
 And beat the messenger who bids beware
 Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
 I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
 All to the senate house: some news is come,
 That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
 Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
 Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
 The slave's report is seconded; and more,
 More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
 (How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
 Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
 And vows revenge as spacious, as between
 The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
 Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone⁴⁰,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rotne about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com.

You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri.

Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com.

But, I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men.

Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best:
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Excunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when
we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Excunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Licu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the nobility of Rome are his:
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish³⁰, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
 peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths, do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. A publick place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his merey: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He reply'd,

It was a bare petition of a state⁶⁰
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men.

Very well:

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men.

For one poor grain

Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men.

No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men.

What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men.

Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome.
 The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our ge-
 neral

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
 before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground^a,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous
to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you
say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him,
must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.

Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of relieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging; or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold

now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: ⁶²Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Erit.*]

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly⁶³
I have borne this business.

Auf.

Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted

A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor.

This last old man;

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. ⁶⁴The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth;

[*kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent.

[*kneels.*]

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw⁶⁵,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
 To allay my rages and revenges, with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
 You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
 That, if you fail in our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volees, mark; for we'll
 Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
 ment,
 And state of bodies would bewray what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
 should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
 forts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sor-
 row;
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,

Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg.

Ay, and on mine,

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy.

He shall not tread on me;

I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,

Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long.

[*rising.*

Vol.

Nay, go not from us thus,

If it were so, that our request did tend

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
⁶⁶ And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
 This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us;
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,

I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. *But*, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee: Out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[Aside.

The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor.

Ay, by and by;

[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.]

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Rome. A publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grab, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is

finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic.

What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you;

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings:
next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. *[Going.]*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.
Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf.

Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf.

Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf.

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits

A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf.

That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
 In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
 Which he did end all his; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
 I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
⁶⁷He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
 I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
 The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
 When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
 For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him⁶⁸.
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
 Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with
 great shouts of the people.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
 With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
 Ere he express himself, or move the people
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,

Do more than counterpoise; a full third part,
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,
 With no less honour to the Antiates,
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
 Together with the seal o'the senate, what
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
 He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
 Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
 (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave
 lords,
 Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
 (Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must
 bear
 My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
 The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
 Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
 Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,
 do it presently. He kill'd my son;—my daughter;
 —He kill'd my cousin Marcus;—He kill'd my fa-
 ther.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
 The man is noble, and his fame folds in
 This orb o' the earth⁶⁹. His last offence to us

Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!
Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill
Coriolanus, who falls, and Aufidius
stands on him.]*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honour
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. • My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

CORIOLANUS.

¹ —[*WITH* our pikes, ere we become rakes:] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes*: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes*. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads, on his own authority, *pitch-forks*.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the

proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. *As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind.

STEEVENS.

Warburton's assertion of *pikes* and *forks* being synonymous is so true, that at this day, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, the *pitch-fork* is by every one called a *pike*.

² *The one side must have bail.*—] *Bale* is an old word for misery.

³ *That like not peace, &c.*] Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *I'd make a quarry*—] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey.

JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *to gird*—] To *sneer*, to *gibe*.

⁶ *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Demerit* had formerly the same signification as *merit*.

⁷ ——— *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

JOHNSON.

⁸ ——mammoth'd it—] To *mammoth*, is, to *pull* to pieces.

⁹ ——a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.]

The sense requires it to be read,

——nor a man that fears you more than he,

Or more probably,

——nor a man but fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little.—

¹⁰ *Who, sensible, outdares—*] The old editions read,

Who sensibly outdares—

Thirlby reads,

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction.

JOHNSON.

The thought seems to have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 293.

“ ——their flesh abode the wounds constantly,
“ as though it were less sensible of smart than
“ the senseless armour, which by piecemeal fell
“ away from them, by the blows it received.”

STEEVENS.

¹¹ ——prize their hours—] I know not who corrected it to prize their *honours*. A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity.

JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman plunderers only for

wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value.

STEEVENS.

¹² *And that you not delay the present,] Delay, for let slip.*

WARBURTON.

¹³ — *Please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.]*

I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd*? How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Perhaps, we may read,

— *Please you to march,
And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,
Which men are least inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* thinks the poet wrote,
“ And so I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

STEEVENS.

¹⁴ — *Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,]*

The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans, how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have

forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has ~~some~~ meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the whip-hand*, for *he has the advantage*.

JOHNSON.

¹⁵ *Here is the steed, we the caparison,*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show*. JOHNSON.

¹⁶ —when drums and trumpets shall,

I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and cities

Be made all of false-fac'd soothing.

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

Let him be made an overture for the wars:—

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus,

—when drums and trumpets shall,

I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,

Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made

An overture for the wars! —

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common-reading

was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *campe*: and the latter miserably involved in nonsense by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. However, both his alterations have had the good luck to be admitted into Dr. Johnson's text of Shakspeare. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of *him* (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns*; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

“ ——— When steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars!”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.*

Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

It should be remembered, that the personal pronoun *him*, is not unfrequently used by Shakspeare, and other writers of that age, instead of *it*, the neuter.

STEEVENS.

¹⁷ ———articulate——] That is, *enter into articles*.

¹⁸ *Being a Volce,*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the moderns

editors have changed to the modern termination, Vol-
cian. I mention it here, because here the change
has spoiled the measure.

∴ *Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition!*

JOHNSON.

¹⁹ *At home, upon my brother's guard—*] In my own
house, with my brother posted to protect him.

²⁰ *—bisson—*] *Bisson, blind*, in the old copies,
is *become*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

²¹ *You are ambitious, &c.*] It appears from this
whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of
praefectus urbis for the tribune's office.

WARBURTON.

²² *He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts
i' the body.*

*Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh: there's
nine, that I know.*] Seven,—one,—and two, and these
make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Mene-
nius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder;
but wherever we can account by a probable reason
for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here
it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the
second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and
to make a numeral word of *too*. WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely
particular:

*Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the
thigh—Nay I am sure there are more; there are nine
that I know of.*

UPTON.

²³ *My gracious silence, hail!*] *By my gracious silence,*

I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!*

So in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
*A lady's tears are silent orators,
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond
 The honey-tongued rhetorician.* STEEVENS.

²⁴ — *seld-shown flammans,*] i. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"O seld-seen metamorphosis." STEEVENS.

²⁵ — *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,*] The sense, I think, requires that we should read, *unbonnetted*. Who have risen only by *pulling off their hats* to the people. *Bonnetted* may relate to *people*, but not without harshness. JOHNSON,

Bonnetter, Fr. is to pull one's cap, therefore there is no occasion to read *unbonnetted*. See Cotgrave.

STEEVENS.

²⁶ — *Masters o' the people,*

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself. JOHNSON.

²⁷ — *his Amazonian chin—*] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard.

²⁸ *When he might act the woman in the scene—*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by

the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players.

STEEVENS.

²⁹ *The mortal gate—*] *The gate of death.*

³⁰ *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:]* I am persuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the Augustine manner of defining *free-will* at that time in the schools.

WARBURTON.

A ridicule may be intended, but the sense is clear enough. *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning.

Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,

That gave thee power to do.——

JOHNSON.

³¹ *——woolvisb gown—*] *Toga hirsuta*, the rough or *hirsute* gown.

³² *——aged custom—*] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

WARBURTON.

³³ *——prank them in authority,*] To *prank* is to *plume themselves*.

³⁴ *——This paltring*

Becomes not Rome;] That is, this *trick of dissimulation*, this *shuffling*.

JOHNSON.

³⁵ *The cockle of rebellion,—*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plu-

tarch, where it is given as follows. "Moreover, he
 "said, that they nourished against themselves the
 "naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition,
 "which had been sowed and scattered abroad among
 "the people, &c."

STEEVENS.

³⁶ ———the minnows?] i. e. Small fry.

WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in
 some counties a *pink*.

JOHNSON.

³⁷ *The horn and noise—*] Alluding to his having
 called him *Triton* before.

WARBURTON.

³⁸ ———my soul akes,] The mischief and absurdity
 of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely
 expressed.

WARBURTON.

³⁹ ———could never be the native—] *Native* for na-
 tural birth.

WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*,
 or *cause of birth*. But I would read *motive*, which,
 without any distortion of its meaning, suits the speak-
 er's purpose.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁰ *To jump a body—*] Thus the old copy. Modern
 editors read,

To vamp—

To jump anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude con-
 cussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore
 mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.

STEEVENS.

⁴¹ *One time will owe another—*] I know not whether
 to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be*
indebted. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*,

in which the people are seditious, will give us power in some other time: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will run them in debt: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

JOHNSON.

⁴² *Before the tag return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail*.

JOHNSON.

⁴³ ——— *clean kam.*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets *Tout va à contrepoil*. *All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg.

WARBURTON.

⁴⁴ ——— *I am in this,*

Your wife, your son, &c.] I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake,* together with *your wife, your son*.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁵ ——— *my unbarbed sponce?*] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses.

⁴⁶ *Which quired with my drum,*] *Which played in concert* with my drum.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁷ *Tent in my cheeks;*] To *tent* here means to *abide*, to *take up residence*.

⁴⁸ ——— *let*

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness; —]

This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, *Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.*

JOHNSON.

⁴⁹ ———— *Have the power still*

To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, &c.)

Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁰ ———— *Fortune's blows,*

*When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves*

A noble cunning.——]

This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded* silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are

nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.

JOHNSON.

⁵¹ — *Hadst thou forship*

To banish him—] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus?

⁵² *But your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*]

This is strange nonsense. We should read,

————— *is well* appeal'd,

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I should read,

————— *is well* affear'd,

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author.

My title is affear'd. Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another meaning.

JOHNSON.

I would read,

Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So *Hamlet*, sc. 1.

“That if again this apparition come,

“He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it.”

STEEVENS.

⁵³ — *already in the entertainment,*] *Already in pay.*

⁵⁴ ————— *maims*

Of shame————] i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory.

⁵⁵ *Sanctifies himself with 's hand—*] Crosses himself,

⁵⁶ *—sowle the porter of Rome gates by the cars:]*

To *sowle* is to pull, to drag.

⁵⁷ *—affecting one sole throne*

Without assistance.]

That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage.

⁵⁸ *—can no more atone—*] This is a very elegant expression, and taken from unison strings giving the same tone or sound.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁹ *As is the osprey to the fish—*] Osprey, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*.

POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justice and beauty of the simile.

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, tho' seldom here it breeds,

"Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,

"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,

"Turning their bellies up, as tho' their death they saw,

"They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

LANGTON.

⁶⁰ *—a bare petition—*] A *bare* petition, I believe, means only a *mere* petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment.

STEEVENS.

⁶¹ *—upon a subtle ground—*] *Subtle* is here, smooth, level.

⁶² *—Though I owe*

My revenge properly,—] Though I have a *pecu-*

liar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.

JOHNSON.

⁶³ —how plainly

I have borne this business.] How openly.

⁶⁴ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*

Makes you think so.]

Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNS.

⁶⁵ —flaw—] *Flaw* in sea language is a gust of wind.

⁶⁶ —to charge thy sulphur, &c.] The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful.

WARBURTON.

⁶⁷ *He wag'd me with his countenance,—]* This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance for my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.

JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638.

“—I receive thee gladly to my house,

“And *wage* thy stay.—”

STEEVENS.

⁶⁸ *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd—]* This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

⁶⁹ —his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth:—]

His fame overspreads the world.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

REMARKS

ON

THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION

OF

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

JOHNSON.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows : About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March

in the same year, he was slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. UPTON.



Persons Represented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

*Triumvirs, after the Death
of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

*Conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS, and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.

**LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and
VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.**

**VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.**

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

**SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome:
afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.**

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you
home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me di-
rectly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender
of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone ;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I : Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Same. A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, ' DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIVS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Musick ceases.]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant.

I shall remember ;

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Musick.]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,

Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet⁹. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And show of love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*]
Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once⁴, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for ~~this~~ present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter⁵:—But I fear him
not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar, and his train. Casca stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a'shoutng.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he

pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no trus man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—^c An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. *[Exit Casca,*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus,

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me⁷. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
 CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

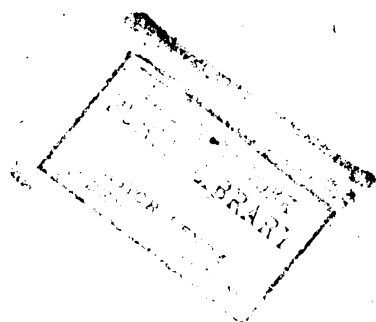
Cic. Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
 earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
 sight,)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn





Drawn by H. Tresham R.A.

Engraved by C. Warren.

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Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I have not stice put up my sword,)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me: and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons;—They are natural;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice:

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most-like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes^s and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca.

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand⁹ :
Be factious¹⁰ for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas.

There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Cassa. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin.

Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited, Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

That;

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power¹¹: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

¹⁸ For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cæs. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cæs. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas.

Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius

Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
 For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion¹³ he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
¹⁴That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
 you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
 now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
¹⁵To keep with you at meals, ¹⁶comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick ?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Cains,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. "Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy

Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day;
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come,

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
 And evils imminent ; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood¹⁸; and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
 And know it now ; The senate have concluded
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Br. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus
loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against
Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you:
Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods
defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS,
Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Same. Another part of the same street, before the
house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and
the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd¹⁹: press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Mct. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance²⁰, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
 So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unsham'd of motion: and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this :
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Trc. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—²¹ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash:—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Brw. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brw. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Serv.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :

²⁹Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe²³.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compæct mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

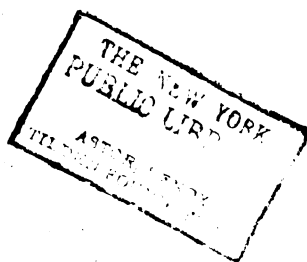
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,

[*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.





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Engraved by H. Smith.

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You shall not in your funeral speech blame us;
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

* Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

⁴⁵ Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me
for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom;
and awake your senses, that you may the better
judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear

friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[several speaking at once.]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart;

That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall
please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his
house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts,
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace: let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-
 ings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong^{ed}.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
 I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
 Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I would wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curs'd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
⁹⁷ Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about,—seek,
 —burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

²⁰On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never:—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3 Cit. Pluck down benches.

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Ereunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. ²⁹ Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct.

Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct.

So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
³⁰ A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master,
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus,*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every 'nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the idea of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman³¹.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

Poet. [within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cus. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire³³.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *[Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *[Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Some in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Mes-
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour,

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. *[Servants lie down.]*

Luc. I was sure, your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Brv. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau.

It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
DUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
 Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
 Struck Cæsar on the neck ³⁴. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,
 If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
 sweat,

The proof of it will turn to reader drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
 When think you that the sword goes up again?—
 Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
 honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc.

My lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas.

Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas.

I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. ³⁵Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now, some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;
—and, hark! [Shout.

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *[dies.]*

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
 CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. *[Low alarums.]*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[charges the enemy.

Br. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son³⁶.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. ³⁷Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chang'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whispers him.*

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Vo-
lumnus.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
 MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
 Brutus,
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

JULIUS CÆSAR.

¹ ———DECIVS—] This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as *Voltaire* has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. STEEVENS.

² Sennet—] *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial musick. JOHNSON.

I have been informed that *Sennet* is derived from *Senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army, but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. STEEVENS.

³ To stale with ordinary oaths my love—] To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stale or allurements of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

⁴ There was a Brutus once—] *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

⁵ 'Would he were fatter:] Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can 'scape thy lean moon-calf there.* WARBURTON.

⁶ —a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

⁷ *He should not humour me.*] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus (says he), and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to *turn and wind* him, by inflaming his passions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the last line to

Cæsar should not love me.

What he means by it, is not worth enquiring.

WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this, *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me*, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.

JOHNSON.

⁸ —*thewes and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an old obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. The word is used by *Falstaff* in the Second Part of *Hen. IV.* and in *Hamlet*,

“For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“In *thewes* and bulk.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —Hold my hand:] Is the same as, *Here's my hand.*

¹⁰ *Be factious for redress—*] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*.

¹¹ *Remorse from power:] Remorse, for mercy.*

WARBURTON.

Remorse (says the Author of the *Revisal*) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power.

JOHNSON.

¹² *For if thou path, thy native semblance on,]* If thou walk in thy true form.

JOHNSON.

¹³ —main opinion—] Is leading, fixed, predominant opinion.

¹⁴ *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed.

STEEVENS.

¹⁵ *To keep with you at meals, &c.]* "I being, O Bru-

"tus, (myed she) the daughter of Cato, was married
 "vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and compa-
 "nion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot:
 "but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and
 "euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no
 "cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but
 "for my parte, howe may I shoue my dustie towardes
 "thee, and howe muche I woulde doe for thy sake,
 "if I can not constantlie beare a secret mischaunce
 "or grieve with thee, which requireth secrecy and
 "fidelity? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly
 "is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet,
 "Brutus, good education, and the companie of
 "vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the
 "defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this
 "benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato,
 "and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did
 "not trust to any of these things before: vntill that
 "now I haue found by experience, that no paine
 "nor grieve whatsoeuer can overcome me. With
 "those wordes she shewed him her wounde on her
 "thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her
 "selfe." *Sir Tho. North's Translat. of Plutarch.*

¹⁶ ———comfort your bed,] "is but an odd phrase,
 "and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald.
 He therefore substitutes, *consort*. But this good old
 word, however disused through modern refinement,
 was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII.
 as we read in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in com-
 mendation of queen Katharine, in public said, "She

"hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as com-
"fortable as I could wish." UPTON.

¹⁷ *Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,*] i. e. I never
paid a ceremonious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the
Devil's Charter, 1607.

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,

"I should not cross myself at any time:—

"I never was so ceremonious." STEEVENS.

¹⁸ —————and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance:}]

That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should
signify, the increase of power and empire to Rome
from the influence of Caesar's arts and arms, and
wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his
beneficence, expressed by the words, *From you great
Rome shall suck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough.
But how these great men should literally press *for
tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance*, when the
spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a
loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the
dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded
with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance,
must needs be in way of similitude only; and if so, it
appears that some lines are wanting between this and
the preceding; which want should, for the future, be
marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not
difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the
line in question. The speaker had said, the statue

signified, that by Cæsar's influence Rome should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian history; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the martyrs, and the superstition of some churches with regard to it.

WARBURTON.

I am not of opinion that any thing is lost, and have therefore marked no omission. This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures* and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Brutus, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

JOHNSON.

¹⁹ *He is address'd:] i. e. ready.*

²⁰ *And turn pre-ordinance,]* Ordinance already established.

²¹ —*Stoop, Romans, stoop, &c.]* In all the editions this speech is ascribed to Brutus, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later

editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first published by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

POPE.

—*Stoop, Romans, stoop*,— Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this speech from Brutus, and placed it to Casca: because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with Brutus's mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. Brutus esteem'd the death of Cæsar a sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprize. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar, says, " Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, march'd in a body from the senate house to the Capitol, with their *drawn swords*, with " an air of confidence and assurance." And, in the Life of Brutus,—“ Brutus and his party betook “ themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *shewing “ their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *pro- “ claim'd liberty to the people.*”

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope.

JOHNSON.

²² *Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,]*
To you (says Brutus) *our swords have leaden points;*
our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just
performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers
in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possi-
ble affection. The supposition that Brutus meant
their hearts were of brothers temper in respect of An-
tony, seems to have misled those who have considered

this passage before. I have re-placed the old reading. Mr. Pope first substituted the words *exempt from*, in its place.

STEEVENS.

²³ ——— *crimson'd in thy lethe.*] Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as lethe; yet he is not without supposition, that Shakspeare coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the l might be a d imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have death instead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, signifying *death or destruction*, from the Latin *lethum*.

WARBURTON.

²⁴ *Cry Havock.*] A learned correspondent has informed me, that in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intituled *The Office of the Conestable & Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter.

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym. etit. v.”

“ Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem incepit qui vocatur *Havok*.”

“ Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow shall lose their horse & harnais: and the persones of such as foloweth & escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable & Mareschall warde unto tyme

" that they have made fyn; & founde suretie nō morr
 " to offende; & his body in prison at the Kyng
 " wylle.—"

JOHNSON.

²⁵ *Romans, countrymen, and lovers!*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done.

WARBURTON.

²⁶ *Cæsar has had great wrong.*]

3 Pleb. *Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.*

If ever there was such a line written by Shakspeare, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben Jonson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act,

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.*————

But the verse, as cited by Ben Jonson, does not connect with, *Will he be satisfied*. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Jonson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleased to speak it.

POPE.

I have inserted this note, because it is Pope's, for it is otherwise of no value. It is strange that he should so much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonson's time.

JOHNSON.

²⁷ *Even at the base of Pompey's statua,*] Shakspeare took these very words from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:—"against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, *which ran all a gore blood*, till he was slain."

STEEVENS.

²⁸ *On this side Tiber;*] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter.

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos, says Horace: and both the naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that side Tyber;—

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the life of Marcus Brutus, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, that he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subse-

quent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay. "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber."

FARMER.

²⁹ *Upon condition Publius shall not live,*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet has made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. *Lucius*, not *Publius*, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes, that Shakspeare wrote,

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

This mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author (who has already substituted *Decius* in the room of *Decimus*) than of his transcriber or printer.

STEEVENS.

³⁰ *A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds*

On objects, arts, and imitations; &c.]

'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be call'd a barren-spirited fellow that could feed either on *objects* or *arts*: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgement upon them: *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text,

On abject orts, — — —

i. e. on the *scraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *despised* by others.

THEOBALD.

It is surely easy to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call him *barrén-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is still left before the reader. Lepidus, in the Tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

STEEVENS.

³¹ —nice offence—] *Trifling offence.*

³² *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*

Than such a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

—*Brutus, bay not me.*

WARBURTON.

³³ *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from Plutarch.

STEEVENS.

³⁴ *Struck Cæsar on the neck.*] Coming like a degenerate cur behind him.

³⁵ *Go, Pindarus, &c.*] This dialogue between Cæsius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their Tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. Sc. 5.

STEEVENS.

³⁶ ——— *being Cato's son.*] That is, *worthy of him*.

³⁷ *Only I yield to die: &c.*] The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting?

JOHNSON.





